

# P R O P H E C Y: 3

P O E M.

By the Rev. SAMUEL HAYES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

*Sic fata Deum rex*

*Sortitur, volvitque vices, is vertitur ordo.*

VIRG. *Aeneid*. Lib. 3. 375.

Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή.

HOMER. *Il.* A. 5.

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

For T. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall, J. ROBSON & Co. in New-Bond Street, B. WHITE, in Fleetstreet, J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Churchyard, F. KNIGHT, in St. James's Street, and W. GINGER, in College Street, Westminster; and J. & J. FLETCHER, and D. PRINCE, at Oxford.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

# PROPHECY

## A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will, Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

**I** Give my Kislisbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

**W** E the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 1776, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his Poem on PROPHECY; and direct the said Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 24.  
1776.

*J. Chevallier, Vice-Chancellor.*

*P. S. Goddard, Master of Clare-Hall.*

*J. Lambert, Greek Professor.*

For T. & J. MARRIOTT, in Cambridge; J. BOWEN, in B. Hall; J. BOWEN & Co. in New-Boss Street; D. WHITE, in Fleet Street; J. WICKES, in St. Paul's Churchyard; R. KENTON, in St. James's Street; and W. GIBSON, in Coll. St. Giles, Westminster; and J. & J. TAYLOR, and D. BARNES, in Oxford.

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# PROPHETRY:

P O E M.

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**W**HOM shall the Muse, glowing with fervent zeal  
To trace the watchful care of Providence,  
And vindicate his mystic ways, whom shall  
The pious Muse invoke? Not you, ye Nine,  
Whom Grecian Bards have fabled from the fount  
Of Castaly, and from the boasted top  
Of Helicon, to deal poetic fire  
To the enraptur'd votary — Nor thee,  
O Delphian Phoebus, fam'd in ancient times  
To solve thy suppliant's doubts, and from thy fane  
Disclose the scenes of dark futurity:

A

Such



Such aid it ill becomes the sacred Muse  
 To ask, if ye could grant — O King supreme,  
 Infinite Being, thou who didst of old  
 To thy anointed Delegates reveal  
 The secret volume of mysterious fate,  
 O all-sufficient Pow'r, do thou direct  
 Th' aspiring lay! 'Tis thine, and thine alone  
 To animate the Muse to heav'nly themes:  
 Though weak her wonted strains, if thou but deign'st  
 To give thy potent aid, she yet may soar  
 To heights sublime, unfold thy mystic paths,  
 And from the records of old Prophecy,  
 Confound the froward arrogance of Man.

When the almighty Fiat, from the gloom  
 Of Chaos drawn to light had now arrang'd  
 The jarring seeds, the last, the most sublime  
 Of all his works was Man call'd forth; to him  
 The sovereign Word gave empire o'er the whole:  
 And lest a life without the genial aid  
 Of social intercourse should barren prove  
 Of real joys, a Partner he bestow'd,

Whose



Whose milder converse and endearing love  
Might chear the lonely hour: Their blest retreat  
Was Eden's groves. "Of all the trees, save that  
"Which in the midst exalts it's head, 'tis your's  
"To taste; but if the interdicted fruit  
"Ye dare to touch, the deed devotes ye both  
"Victims to death:" Said that creative Voice  
Which form'd the spacious globe. — O happy Pair,  
Lords of fair Eden's blooming range, where Earth,  
Benignant Parent, from her verdant lap  
Spontaneous pour'd immortal sweets, and gave  
Whate'er could minister delight! Too soon,  
Alas! this scene was clos'd: Behold them now,  
(So lately rich in happiness, and blest  
With converse of the living God) o'erwhelm'd  
In misery, and tortur'd by the stings  
Of conscious guilt — "The day in which ye dare  
"To taste, dooms ye to death." — Like the dire voice  
Of thunder to benighted Travellers, sounds  
The awful sentence: Heav'n's avenging Judge  
Descends, and ratifies his word: Yet still,  
Though rebel guilt calls down dread vengeance, God,

In mercy as in justice infinite,  
 Acts not like tyrant Man array'd in pow'r:  
 Celestial justice dooms the erring Pair  
 To death, yet, 'midst the terrors of the doom,  
 Celestial mercy sends a comforter  
 To cheer the wounded mind, and dissipate  
 Exile's dark gloom: Though sentenc'd Adam stand  
 To forfeit Eden's bow'rs, to have the ground  
 Accurs'd, by daily labour to provide  
 For life's support; Though Eve be doom'd to feel  
 The sorrows of conception, bright'ning hope  
 Allays the sharpness of their fate: assur'd  
 The \* Woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head,  
 They better can sustain the load: 'Twas this  
 Prophetic declaration, that their fall  
 Should be aveng'd, which in the trying hour  
 Of anguish could alone avert despair.

Hence pass we on to that accursed age,  
 When sin with giant stride through all the world  
 Triumphant stalk'd: Chain'd in the servile bonds  
 Of fell iniquity, degen'rate Man

To

To Idols bent the prostituted knee.  
By Heav'n's command th' accumulated waves  
Of Ocean burst their limits, o'er the face  
Of the wide Earth rolls the avenging flood,  
And in it's gulph o'erwhelmeth all, save those  
Whose hearts amidst the universal lapse  
Untainted stand: Them God preserves, restores,  
And having rescued, thus declares, "No more \*  
"For human sins the ground shall be accurs'd."  
Hence Men, by these vindictive judgments warn'd,  
For many ages walk'd upright, nor swerv'd  
From piety's strait path. In all that time,  
That golden time, no word of Prophecy  
Was giv'n. — But see! again Idolatry  
Erects it's head profane; rebellious Man  
In impious error plung'd revolts: Here God,  
To reinstate religion, to call back  
The alienated heart, once more renews  
His saving Oracles: † The Son of Terah  
Led by celestial auspices, from Ur,  
Chaldean Ur, the seat of Idols, bends  
His unwilling steps: Tho' round him num'rous tribes,

Sworn

\* Gen. viii. 21.

† Abraham.



Sworn foes to Heav'n's dread Ruler, pitch their tents,  
 No wayward doubts, nor coward fear appal  
 The Patriarch's soul: By the bright hope sustain'd  
 That in his seed all nations should be blest,  
 Calm and unmov'd the delegated Seer  
 Submissive bends to the eternal will.

When Israel's sons in Egypt dwelt, what time  
 Temptations numberless assail'd their faith,  
 To cherish this immortal hope, and arm  
 The breast against the hand of tyrant pow'r,  
 Thus Jacob with his dying voice pronounc'd:

\* "The Sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart,  
 "Nor a Lawgiver from between his feet,  
 "Till Shiloh come."

What hope of this remains  
 To Israel? Pharaoh gives the dire decree,  
 That ev'ry Male of Hebrew born, to death  
 Should be consign'd: But who can counteract  
 Th' eternal will? What mortal arm oppose  
 Th' immutable decree of God? † Thermutis

Now

\* Gen. xlix. 10.

† The name given by Josephus to Pharaoh's Daughter.

Now rescues Amram's son, and for her own  
Adopts him. Spurning the nefarious Court  
And all it's wanton pomp, he rather chose  
With his own people to endure distress,  
And bondage, than be hail'd adopted Son  
Of Egypt's crown. — Why should I here recite  
The judgements of offended Heav'n pour'd forth  
Upon the head of Pharaoh? How the waves,  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses, overwhelm'd  
Proud Egypt's marshall'd legions. — Israel's Sons,  
Beneath the guidance of the Lord of Hosts  
Secure, to Canaan's promis'd fields direct  
Their steps; yet ever and anon the soul,  
Revolting from it's due allegiance, dares  
In discontented murmurings arraign  
The Acts of Providence: With wond'rous pow'r  
Endu'd, oft Moses calms the factious crew,  
And leads them to their faith: Him 'bove the rest  
Jehovah favors, unto him declares,  
\* “ A Prophet 'mongst thy Brethren will I raise  
“ In pow'r miraculous like thee; To him  
“ Shall all the people with attentive ears

“ Incline,

" Incline, for from his sacred mouth my words,  
 " My hallow'd dictates shall proceed: Whoe'er  
 " Unmindful of my works by him achiev'd  
 " Or swell'n with contumacy, disregards  
 " My gracious precepts, him with ruin dire  
 " Will I extirpate."

Onward as we trace  
 God's oracles, Redemption is the point  
 To which they all converge. When strong in faith,  
 And fir'd with holy zeal to vindicate  
 Heav'n's violated honors, Jesse's Son  
 Undaunted fought th' embattl'd ranks, then fell  
 Philistia's glory; He, who had defied  
 The armies of the living God, the tow'r,  
 The bulwark of the vaunting foe, o'erthrown  
 By the weak arm of a derided Youth,  
 Fell prostrate on the earth. Avenging Heav'n  
 Rais'd David to the throne; nor left him thus  
 Without a future hope to calm the hour  
 Of death, but gave his never-failing word,  
 That from the root of Jesse there should spring

Perpetual



Perpetual Empire: \* “When the stated years  
 “Of life are pass’d, and in the silent tomb  
 “Thou with thy Fathers rest, (Jehovah said)  
 “Thy seed will I exalt, and on thy throne  
 “In glory stablish it: My mercy ne’er  
 “From thee will I withdraw; thy kingdom, fix’d  
 “Upon a base which neither pow’r can shake,  
 “Nor rolling years subvert, shall ever stand.”

O Goodness infinite! What could ye less,  
 Ye chosen race, than raise to Heav’n alone  
 The choral Hymn? What less, than unto him,  
 Whose gracious Oracles had thus pronounc’d  
 You heirs of such supreme, immortal blessings,  
 All honor, praise and majesty ascribe?  
 Yet the obdurate heart, of the rich gift  
 Unmindful, spurn’d the giver, and ingrate  
 Rejected Heav’n’s exalted love. The tribes,  
 Th’ apostate tribes, revolting from the laws  
 Ordain’d by God, sunk in Idolatry,  
 † On ev’ry hill, and under ev’ry tree  
 Vain images erect: To Baal then,

B

And

\* 2 Sam. vii. 12, 15, &amp; 16.

† 2 Kings xvii. 10.

And unto all th' ethereal host, they raise  
 Their altars, and around the impious fires  
 Chaunt orgies to their gods. At length in wrath,  
 And anger terrible, Jehovah rose,  
 And on their guilty heads shot forth the shafts  
 Of final ruin, gave them up a prey  
 To foreign Spoilers. \* With dread terrors arm'd,  
 Stern Shalmaneser pours his num'rous hosts  
 O'er Israel's fertile plains; Samaria's walls  
 Three years retard the Monarch's course: At length,  
 Degen'rate Israel (Whom in former days  
 The Lord their God had brought with pow'ful hand  
 And outstretch'd arm from Egypt's coasts,) beneath  
 Assyrian bondage bow'd. The rebel tribes  
 By hostile chains oppress'd, and captive led  
 From their own native realms, no more return'd  
 To taste the sweets of Liberty: † Far off  
 In Halah and in Habor by the stream  
 Of Gozan, and amongst the tyrant Medes,  
 Vengeance had doom'd them to perpetual bonds.  
 For Judah's Sons far other fates remain'd:  
 They captive led, to Babylonian pow'r

Were

\* 2 Kings xvii. 3.

† 2 Kings xvii. 6.

Were slaves indeed, but not for ever doom'd  
 To bear the galling yoke: When seventy years  
 (The term by Heav'n assign'd) had laps'd, that race  
 \* Redeem'd by Cyrus, (whose anointed arm,  
 Ifaiah had foretold, should blast the pow'r  
 Of tyrant Babylon, and from the throne  
 Hurl her † idolatrous Prince) to Canaan's fields,  
 Their long lost heritage, return; there build  
 A votive temple, and there still a tribe,  
 A separate People they remain, till Rome  
 In final ruin Solyma overthrow. —  
 Dost thou, O Sceptic, say, all this was caus'd  
 By chance, that visionary word, by which  
 The captious Infidel solves ev'ry doubt,  
 Solves each event, when his perverted mind  
 Dares blindly disavow the real cause?  
 But if in this award thou own'st the hand  
 Of Heav'n, as sure thou must, should serious thought  
 Have ought of influence, tell me whence this Tribe  
 Above the other exiles stood absolv'd?  
 Was it that they with purer ardor fir'd  
 Stood from pollution free amongst the rest?

\* Ifaiah xlv.

† Belshazzar.



This could not be — Read — Their own annals search,  
And tell, if ought thou find'st in them of good  
To challenge such regard! Not they themselves  
Were fam'd for holy worship, for more zeal  
Renown'd, than those ill-fated tribes whom Heav'n  
To endless banishment consign'd. Why then  
This partial favor shewn to them? Once more  
The sacred records search, read there the cause:  
“ The Sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart,  
“ Nor a Lawgiver from between his feet,  
“ Till Shiloh come.” Here solve thou ev'ry doubt,  
Nor impious call in chance. The blessed seed  
Had been to Judah promis'd — to preserve  
That word inviolate, when Heav'n had doom'd  
The other Tribes to everlasting bonds,  
Th' almighty King from servitude redeem'd  
The Sons of Judah, bade them back return  
To Canaan's plains, 'till the predicted time  
Should come, when Prophecy should be fulfill'd,  
And all the nations of the earth be blest.  
Amidst the dark'ning gloom of adverse fate,  
The scoffs, the triumphs of insulting Foes,

Where

Where was thy refuge, Faith? In those drear times,  
When Israel bent beneath the servile yoke  
Of heathen Tyrants, when Jehovah's self,  
(Whose tutelary arm so oft of old  
Confounded regal pride, and through the storms  
Of formidable war, in safety led  
The conquering bands) when he throughout their tribes  
Pour'd forth the terrors of o'erwhelming wrath,  
And drove them into exile, from what source  
Did comfort spring? Amidst th' involving gloom  
A purer ray shot forth. The hallow'd page  
Peruse, see there unfolded to the view  
In brightest characters, each circumstance  
Of that long-promis'd seed, to whom all nations  
Should blessings owe. "Wrapt into future times,"  
The glowing Bards unfold Messiah's reign:  
The time, the place of his auspicious birth,  
His wond'rous works, the suff'rings he should bear  
To reinstate apostate Man, were all  
In the enraptur'd Prophet's visions shewn.  
Though all around distress, and bonds appear'd,  
Triumphant Faith by these immortal hopes

Exalted,

Exalted, brav'd the storm, and calm amidst  
 Surrounding evils, suppliant and resign'd  
 Look'd forward to Redemption's glorious dawn.

These were the ends of Prophecy, \* that sure  
 And stable word, to guide the devious step  
 In truth's bewilder'd path, to raise the soul  
 Above external ills; that guardian ray  
 Sent from on high, amidst the gloom to shine,  
 And light desponding Men, 'till the day dawn'd,  
 And the Day-Star arose within their hearts.  
 When inspiration by the Prophet's voice  
 Had open'd to the world the future Scene  
 Of its salvation, and most clearly mark'd  
 The coming of that Pow'r, whose works on Earth  
 Should from primæval sin absolve the soul,  
 E'er many years had pass'd away, the Gift  
 Of Prophecy was lost: O Proof beyond  
 A doubt, that ev'ry Oracle of old  
 To the same centre tended, and that all  
 The promises to God's selected race  
 Through

\* 2 Pet. i. 19.



Through ev'ry age, receiv'd the stamp of truth  
In the appearance of the blessed Seed.

At length the time, the hallow'd time comes on,  
Salvation's æra; the rude din of arms  
Resounds no more. Thy temple, Janus, shut,  
At his blest coming who had been proclaim'd  
\* The Prince of Peace; thro' all the conscious World  
Auspicious Peace her blessing spreads: Nor comes  
The hallow'd time in a still silent pace;  
Not Palestine alone expectant waits  
The grand event, in ev'ry distant clime  
The mind by heav'nly Oracles inform'd,  
Looks forward to the rising of a Sun,  
Whose genial beams thro' the whole world should shed  
Benignant influence. Rome, imperial Rome,  
Then the acknowledg'd Mistress of the globe,  
† Hearing that Nature's self should now bring forth  
A sov'reign King with inward terror shakes:

The

\* Isaiah ix. 6.

† Auctor est Julius Marathus, ante paucos quàm nasceretur menses, prodigium Romæ factum publicè, quo denuntiabatur regem pop. Rom. Naturam parturire; Senatum exterritum censuisse ne quis illo anno genitus educaretur.

— Sueton. in Vita Augusti.

The Senate trembling for the Roman name,  
 For th' Empire's safety, constitute decrees,  
 That each Male born that year to instant death  
 Should be consign'd. These were thy awful works,  
 O Pow'r supreme, that he whom thou didst call  
 By thy prophetic \* Servant, the desire  
 Of ev'ry nation, might in glory rise,  
 The wonder, and the blessing of the world.  
 He is the saving, the avenging Seed  
 Foretold to Adam, who should bruise the head  
 Of the insidious Serpent; He that Seed  
 Promis'd to faithful Abraham, from whom  
 On ev'ry nation blessings should descend:  
 † He is the Star, that should from Jacob come,  
 The Sceptre which from Israel should arise,  
 And over Moab's haughty Princes spread  
 The judgments of celestial wrath: The Son  
 To righteous David promis'd, He whose throne  
 Should through all ages stand: He is the King  
 Who should from Sion rise to endless pow'r.  
 Here then the Prophecies, which God had giv'n

\* The Prophecy of Haggai.

† The Prophecy of Balaam.

To light the lamp of hope in darker times,  
Are perfected; now Israel's empire shakes,  
The Sceptre now from Judah's house departs.

\*Ethereal Omens, Harbingers of woe,  
And dread destruction, scare the troubled minds  
Of Israel's Sons: High o'er the City walls  
Gleams a portentous Sword. Thro' twice fix moons  
In the perturbed air a Comet flames,  
And from its "fiery tresses" scatters War,  
Famine, and Pestilence. When gloomy night  
Spreads darkness o'er the silent earth, around  
The Altar and the Temple, (clear as are  
Th' unclouded beams which southern Phoebus darts)  
A radiant light breaks forth. Embattl'd Hosts,  
And adverse Chariots marshall'd in the Clouds,  
Spread wide the horrors of impending fate.  
Such were the Heralds of celestial wrath,  
† That wrath, which God of old by Amram's Son  
Declar'd, should sweeping o'er Judea's plains  
Level her tow'ring bulwarks in the dust,

C

Raze

\* See the account of these prodigies in Josephus, Bell. Jud.

† Deut. xxviii.



Raze her fenc'd Cities, and from East to West  
Scatter her alienated Sons: E'en now  
Exterminating War begins the work:  
See where the Roman cohorts, Ministers  
Of wrath, and utter vengeance, on each side  
Encompass Solyma's devoted walls;  
Avenging Titus leads them on: In vain  
Opposing walls and tow'rs resist, in vain  
The Jewish bands, inflam'd with furious zeal  
To save their city, rush admidst the war,  
Resolv'd on Death or Conquest; nought retards  
The torrent of the Roman force; Heav'n nerves  
The arm uplifted 'gainst th' apostate crew.  
\* Lo! through the golden window cast, a brand  
Within the temple's venerable pile  
Kindles destructive flames, with rapid course  
Through ev'ry part sweeps the resistless fire:  
The glitt'ring fanes, the burnish'd altars deck'd  
With gold, and bright with oriental gems,  
Sink in the conq'ring flames. No more the Jews  
Heroic deeds attempt; the all for which  
They dar'd oppose the Roman arm, was now

\* See Josephus.

In everlasting ruins sunk. What words,  
 O Solyma, can paint thy woes! Here war  
 Its thousands flays, wide-wasting famine there  
 Spreads equal horror. To the mountains flee,  
 Ye alienated Sons of Israel, hide,  
 In secret caverns hide your perjur'd heads!  
 Thrice happy they, whom never child did hail  
 With a fond mother's name! For lo! at hand  
 The Roman Eagle scents his prey, and flaps  
 His gloomy wing; from the defenceless arms  
 Of the poor Parent torn, the trembling babe  
 By ruthless hands is 'midst the ruins hurl'd.  
 Nor sex nor age is spar'd; inur'd to deeds  
 Of death, the raging Victors through the streets  
 Crimson'd with native blood rush on. And last,  
 \* The hostile Plough (that not the smallest trace  
 Of ancient grandeur may survive the war)  
 From its foundations whatsoe'er remains

C 2

Of

\* This was done by order of Titus, whence our Saviour's prediction was literally accomplished.

According to Josephus, Bell. Jud. Titus ordered his Soldiers to raze both the whole City and the Temple; and the same Historian adds, that they who razed the City, so levelled it, that no one would afterwards have believed that it had ever been inhabited.

Of Temple or of City razes, not  
 One stone is left that on another rests.  
 O where is now that People, who of old,  
 Protected by the arm of Heav'n's dread Lord,  
 O'er regions of Idolatry pour'd forth  
 Their marshall'd bands, and on the necks of Kings  
 Set their triumphant foot? That Empire where,  
 Whose splendid glories from the sea-girt Shores  
 \* Of southern Araby, to Sion brought  
 The beauteous Princess? Utterly o'erthrown;  
 Not e'en a vestige now survives to tell  
 Th' enquiring Traveller, where stood those walls,  
 The wonder of the world. That People once  
 So fam'd, whom God himself vouchsaf'd to call  
 His chosen race, and with a guardian hand  
 Deign'd to protect, from Palestine exil'd,  
 In ev'ry corner of the Earth, like Cain,  
 Are doom'd to wander; although scatter'd thus  
 Through all the Globe, there is no clime which they  
 Can call their own, no Country where their laws

Hold

\* This is what is meant by the uttermost parts of the earth in Matth. xii. 42.  
 Tacitus says, Terra, finesque, quæ ad orientem vergunt, Arabiâ terminantur.  
 Many suppose that she came from Arabia Felix, which borders upon the  
 Ocean to the South.



Hold sov'reign rule: Irrefragable Proof,  
That ev'ry Oracle of holy writ  
Was giv'n by Heav'n itself! \* The wand'ring Tribes  
Through the whole Earth this evidence diffuse,  
That Christ was that predicted Seed, who should  
A fallen world in heav'n's lost heritage  
Triumphant reinstate; and conqueror  
O'er the dread empire of dethroned death  
Bring life and immortality to light.

Here then, O Sceptic, whosoe'er thou art,  
Lost in the maze of error, and buoy'd up  
By vain conceit, who impious dar'st traduce  
The mysteries of Providence, arraign  
Heav'n's high decrees, and with o'erweening wit  
Deny Redemtion's blessed Lord, attend,  
Nor deem the Muse's labours light; though weak  
Her numbers, yet the truths which she imparts  
Are grav'd on living adamant, and stamp'd  
With God's immortal signet. O attend!  
Discard each narrow prejudice thy mind  
May have before imbib'd! The sacred page

. With

\* See the Spectator, No. 495.

With calm attention scan! If on thy soul,  
 As thou dost read, a ray of purer light  
 Break in, O check it not, give it full scope!  
 Admitted it will break the clouds, which long  
 Have dimm'd thy sight, and lead thee, 'till at last  
 Conviction, like the Sun's meridian beams,  
 Illuminate thy mind: For be assur'd,  
 Though dark and intricate the ways of God  
 May seem to the unsearching eye, if thou  
 But search, (O 'tis a subject which demands  
 Most serious Meditation's solemn pause;  
 On it is built the structure of Redemption  
 To thee, to all the world,) If thou but search  
 With contemplation due, the rays of truth  
 Will dissipate the gloom, and pour upon  
 Thy long bewilder'd sense a flood of day;  
 Will reconcile each jarring doubt thy breast  
 Harbour'd, and open to th' awaken'd soul  
 A system of unbounded love to Man.

